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DOBELL COLLECTION

Hurworth on the Tees.

Pub by Rapp & Dresser, Darlington.

Thou modest church ! within whose sacred walls
Each Sabbath morn the sons of toil repair,
As each low chime the wandering mind recalls
From worldly thoughts to fix itself on prayer.

PAGE 19.

TRIBUTES TO THE TEES,

BY NATIVES AND STRANGERS,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FAR AND NEAR."

With conscious pride I view the band
Of faithful friends that round me stand;
For they're a wreath of pearls—and I
The silken string on which they lie!

PERSIAN SONNET.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

DARLINGTON:
RAPP AND DRESSER, PRINTERS, HIGH ROW.
1864.

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THE COMPILER'S PREFACE.

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When, a few months ago, I expressed a wish to form a collection of any scattered verses that might have been written on the subject which is indicated in my title page, I was surprised at the well-spring of true poetry which, as at the touch of the diviner's rod, I had evoked around me;—lines, not written for the occasion, but the effusions of time past, and genuine feeling,

"Hived in the bosom, like the bag o' the bee."

Unknown to each other—unshared even by family or friends — the Absent — the Distant — the Soldier— the Civilian—each seemed to possess a little hoard of heartfelt remembrances which had found expression—as all deep feelings do—in verse.

On the frozen shores of the St. Lawrence—on the burning banks of the Ganges or Sitong—or in yet more remote, though more Anglicised Australia—alike had the calm image of the tranquil Tees haunted the day-dreams of the unwilling Absentee. Nor had they who still dwelt upon its banks grown insensible to its attractions, as visitors supposed, but felt that Nature's charms could never tire—"nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Many interesting poems, too, were laid before me which had been preserved in different families, and descended from prior generations, and my first idea was to combine the "tributes" of the present century and the last, in a work divided into different parts; but I found

that that intention must be postponed, though it is by no means relinquished, as increasing my compilation to an extent, as well as occasioning a delay, much beyond what I had for the present projected—and that as not merely in date, but in style and manner, the widest differences existed between them, it would be better to arrange them in entire independence of each other.

It is with a feeling of pride and pleasure—and many thanks for the share they have borne in it—that I now present this little compilation to the friendly *living* contributors whose thoughts and recollections I have thus sought to perpetuate, while heaving a sigh to the memory of those who are no more.

And should the eyes of any readers less interested in the theme, casually rest upon the lines, *they* too may be reminded of localities they love—of village scenes and native streams, still present to their minds,—and all those home feelings, in distance and in absence, which may lead them to sympathize in similar reminiscences.

E. M.

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POEMS.

SPIRIT OF HOME.

BY F. W.

Sweet spirit of Home!
Wherever I go,
Still thou art with me,
In weal and in woe;
Thine is the sunshine
That gladdens the scene,
Giving a beauty
That, else, were unseen.

Thine is the rainbow
In storm and in rain,
Giving a promise
Of joys back again;
Thine is the beacon
In peril, the light,
That brings into harbour
The bark all aright.

Hearts may be shattered.
And weary with woe,
Fortune deride us,
And man be our foe;
Still thou sweet spirit,
I rise above care,
Whilst thou art with me
I never despair.

Scenes though Arcadian,
Abroad that we see,
Give not the pleasure
We still feel in thee;
Aught that is in them
Which we see fair,
Is the resemblance
That they to thee bear.

Sweet spirit of Home,
Whilst thou art with me,
Ne'er shall my soul yield
To dark destiny;
Thou art the anchor—
Strong, firm, and secure,
Enabling my soul
To bear and endure.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HURWORTH-UPON-TEES.

Written after his return from a visit there to friends.

BY THE REV. C. G.

There is a Village where I ween,
If peace and love on earth can dwell;
'Tis where of late, that Village green,
Held o'er my heart its magic spell.

'Tis there the fairest of all streams,
That ever gladdened mortal sight,
Its empire to my vision seems
To hold in undisputed right.

Upon the beauteous banks of Tees,
That village opens to the view;
No spot methinks on earth can please,
And charm the mind as that can do.

Full many a lovely hill and glen,
Within these British isles combine,
T'entrance and captivate our ken,
But Hurworth, none so well as thine!

In leisure hours I've paced along
The banks of Tees for many a mile,
And where the linnet trilled his song
I paused to catch his strains awhile.

Oft in 'mid stream, on some rough stone,
Standing to meet the western gale,
I've listened to the silvery tone
Of bells that swept athwart the vale.

Those Village bells I'm fain to say,
Have a peculiar charm for me,
They cheer the pilgrim on his way,
And tell of Home's festivity.

The village peasants born and reared
Within those scenes so bright and free,
Seemed lost to fathom what appeared
So passing fair and blithe to me.

E'en so it is;—whate'er each day
Our mortal vision can behold;
Becomes, as time rolls on its way,
Insipid as a tale twice told.

But if in some sequestered spot,
Where Nature's seen in grave attire;
Like that apportioned to my lot,
Where nought the fancy can inspire,—

If there we've spent our mortal years,
In calm and undisturbed repose;
And thence transplanted—where appears
Land where Elysian water flows,

A strange ineffable delight
O'er every mortal sense will roll;
Like that which there entranced my sight,
And mocked awhile my stern control.

And loth my rustic Muse would be
In heedless mood to pass thee by
Unsung—for thou wast dear to me,
Fair Hurworth's beauteous sanctuary.

Oft it hath been my lot to grieve,
And mourn beside some Village fane
Neglected, while I sought to weave
Some lays—memorials of its wane.

But here a feeling different far,
Came o'er my glad and chastened breast;
Akin to that when Bethlehem's star,
Made Bethlehem's shepherds once so blest.

Here proofs of noblest art are seen,
Wrought by the Pastor's liberal hand;
Where Nature's choicest gifts have been
Strewn so profusely o'er the land.

No niggard parsimony there
Disclosed her mean and sordid mind;
But grateful hearts and pious care,
To rear that village fane combined.

Within those courts 'twas mine to lead
The worship of devoted hearts;
And there proclaim the Christian creed
Consistent throughout all its parts.

There in His temple did we meet,
And chaunt in unison our lay;
There too before His mercy seat
Our grateful homage did we pay.

There too I spake of Him who died
Lost Man to rescue and to save;
And how through Him, the crucified,
There's hope for Man beyond the grave.

Yon stream our mortal thirst may slake,
And aid us in our mortal strife;
But that pure draught He bids us take,
Endureth to eternal life.

Then farewell, Hurworth, happy plain!
And you, kind hearted friends, adieu!
From home whene'er I roam again,
My heart will yearn to roam to you!

THE TEES.

BY T. W., DARLINGTON.

I love thy murmuring melody, the music of thy streams,
The gleaming gold that quivering clothes thy brow in sunny gleams,
The tints that tell of summer life that glitter on thy breast,
The ceaseless hum of thy wild course that laughs in its unrest;
The crystal depths that lave thy banks of freshest loveliest green,
The sunlit smile of eve's last kiss that dimples o'er the scene.

I love, oh! how I love, to roam 'mid glories such as these,
That speak of high and holy things beside the swelling Tees,
I love to mark the wanton wing careering in its pride,
As scudding o'er thy plumy rills its noiseless footsteps glide;
To watch the bird of beauty flit athwart each glassy bay,
Or catch the rainbow bubbles as they hurry fast away.

To gaze deep in thy bosom where the softly mirrored skies
Seem a spirit-land of loveliness that in cradled beauty lies.
I feel, oh! how I feel, the spell that haunts each willowy nook,
That lingers o'er each serpent sweep, and curve, and pebbly brook.
I have trod thy banks in solitude, and worshipped at thy shrine,
When eve's soft gold amid the leaves blushed o'er the day's decline.

Thou ever onward monarch, I love thy gentle flow,
When the music of the wild bird comes floating o'er thy brow.
I love thee in thy majesty when armed with giant force,
The proud, the chainless, and the strong, thou rushest on thy course.
I love thee when the Summer sun in full meridian blaze
Showers on thy breast a burnished vest of scintillating rays.

I love thee at the stilly hour when clad in silvery light,
The Moon in queenly dignity looks from her starry height,
I love with all a poet's fire thy banks and flow'ry glades,
Thy bubbling bells and foaming rills, thy trelliced bowers and shades.
And oft again I hope t'enjoy, beside thy fairy streams,
That sunshine of the soul which gilds the rapt enthusiast's dreams.

THE BOY ON THE BANK'S DECLIVITY ASLEEP.

BY A YOUNG LADY, C. F.

Deep solitude was on the barren scar,
And river, rippling on its rocky way;
In Sabbath stillness Phœbus rolled his car
Down the blue heaven of summer's sweetest day.

Simple and few the features of the scene,
The rock, the river, and the concave blue;
No type of man to mar the calm serene,
Or bring his wild unquiet world to view.

And moods there are of soul when such enchant,
With Nature's spirit high discourse we hold;
But soon humanity asserts her want
Of sympathy with things of kindred mould.

Then small the solace Nature's voice supplies,
And cold the eloquence of wind and wave;
They heed us not, or mock with faint replies
The feelings that far different answer crave.

Ha! What lights up the bareness of the scene,
And gives a human interest to the spot?
Linking its bald sterility, I ween,
With thoughts and feelings of the common lot.

Oh! sunburnt truant, in thy pastime stayed,
And bound beneath the great magician's spell;
How sweet thy slumbers on the rude cliff laid,
When shall my throbbing temples rest as well?

With limbs loose thrown, how perfect thy repose,
Lulled on our general mother's kindly breast;
Life's smoothest balm has bid thine eyelids close,
And opes them only to be bright and blest.

But life with thee is all too young and gay,
To waste its moments in unconscious bliss;
Up, loiterer! and enjoy life's little day, [this!
Know, coming years shall bring thee nought like

The plover fans thee with unheeding wing,
The bramble wantons her alluring spray;
The cliff's wild tenants to their coverts spring,
Where sleep o'ertook thee on thy venturous way.

Now up the steep thy bounding steps advance,
To manhood's prime his long-lost joys return ;
Awhile he follows thee with envious glance,
Then turns to muse, to marvel and to mourn.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY A FRIEND OF THE FOREGOING.

> But what binds us, friend to friend,
> But that soul with soul can blend?
> Soul-like were those days of yore—
> Let us walk in soul once more!—UHLAND.

By the same river have we strolled together,
By the same banks we've moralized of yore ;
In daylight, moonlight—winter, summer weather,
We've gazed upon that stream—we've trod that shore,
But thou!—wilt tread it, gaze on it, no more!

I gaze upon it still, with vacant gaze—
That sees not now the stream that *is* but *was* ;
Back to life's earlier sources memory strays,
And turns to all it *had*, from all it *has*!
Why must the past the present still surpass?

Oh! blent by thee, they yet are both mine own,
Those lines—that sketch—thou gifted one were thine ;
Again with thee I wander forth alone ;
Again I trace thy pencil, read thy line,
And feel, what once was *ours*, THOU mad'st for ever MINE!

E.M.

THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT FOR HOME.

BY F. W.

Carry me back to that sweet spot of earth,
Home of my heart, and the scene of my birth ;
Carry me back, ere in death my eyes close,
Elsewhere, oh ! elsewhere, I cannot repose.

Daily and hourly swift time sees me more
Near and more near to death's gloomy shore ;
Ere I may reach it, oh ! let me first see
Home of my childhood, so sacred to me.

There is the tree underneath whose calm shade,
Oft with my playmates—oft I have played :
Dancing around it like fairies in glee,
Dancing with hearts that beat joyously free.

There is the stream within whose bright wave,
Sportive with pleasure my feet loved to lave ;
And in whose mirror I thought I could see
Spirits below that were smiling on me !

There is the church with its aspect so calm,
Where I first learned to join in the sweet sacred psalm,
And where I first knelt in devotion and prayer,
In union with others, for God's holy care.

There too are the faces I loved when a child,
Beaming for me with their looks kindly mild ;
Fain would my eyesight again them behold,
Filled with affection as they were of old.

Carry me back then ; at home let me be,
When the angel of death gives his signal for me ;
That my spirit may rest on that sweet spot of earth,
And I may repose where I first had my birth !

THE TWO RIVERS.

Lines written on the banks of the Sitong, in Burmah.

BY F. W.

The sun has set, and quick his light
Is swallowed up by dark browed night;
And sweet, oh! passing sweet the time,
This moment is in Eastern clime.
Beneath a Tamarind tree I sit,
Whilst fire-flies start around and flit,
Now here, now there, and brighter growing,
As darkness o'er the earth is flowing;
Whilst 'neath my feet thy waves, Sitong,
Flow with a current deep and strong,
I musing sit, and catch the breeze,
And think upon thy banks, O Tees!

II.

The days come back again to me—
The days of youthful revelry;
A thousand thoughts of love and home,
Ere yet my footsteps learn'd to roam.
The wild flower in the lonely lane
I gather in my hand again;
And give to her who close stands by,
And catch thanks from her light blue eye;
And careless of the way we sped,
With summer scenes before us spread;
We loiter long amidst the trees
That shade thy banks, my much lov'd Tees.

III.

The faces loved then—where are they?
Are many like me, far away?
In foreign lands, perhaps, like me
Think now on scenes of infancy;

And picture me as I see them,
In happy days of boyhood then;
And many more perhaps are fled
To the dark regions of the dead;
The changed too—they no doubt are many,
And I, perhaps, as changed as any,
Since last I sat at peace and ease,
Upon thy banks, my still-lov'd Tees

IV.

And still my spirit longs to see
Those dear lov'd scenes of infancy;
The scenes endeared by all that can
Make them the holiest themes to man;
That with him like good angels stay,
To watch him on his lonely way;
And keep him worthy of the light
That led him first to think aright;
Those early lessons ne'er forgot,
Wherever fate may fix his lot;
Such thoughts come back—such thoughts as these,
Whilst thinking on thy banks, O Tees!

V.

Where shall my grave be—oft I say,
Shall it be foreign—far away
From scenes which I have loved so well?
At sea, with not a stone to tell
Where I shall rest beneath the wave?
Ah! no,—may none such be my grave;
But let it be—I hope and pray,
On scenes that saw my earliest day;
The ground wherein my fathers sleep,
May it my ashes also keep;
While thy soft murmur on the breeze
Might play around my tomb, O Tees!

RETURN TO HOME.

BY F W.

My pilgrimage is over,
At home I am again ;
With feelings of a lover
Here would I aye remain.

Again live in the rapture
That home scenes can inspire ;
With these and genial nature
No foreign aids desire.

My native village standeth
In beauty and in pride ;
And well the love commandeth
Of all who there abide.

A fairer spot can never
Be trod by human feet ;
Where solace floweth ever,
From scenes so calm and sweet.

At eve still let me wander
Along thy banks, O Tees !
And watch thy course meander,
O'erhung with verdant trees ;

The village homes in beauty,
The church rise on the hill ;
My heart beats low in duty
To all these dear scenes still.

At this soft hour, reflection
Again will issue forth,
And strengthen my affection
To thee, my place of birth.

For fortunes sad and various
A compensation give;
That is no more precarious
Whilst I on earth may live.

In calm and holy quiet,
Like all around I see;
Far from the world's vain riot,
My life I'd trust to Thee!

RECOLLECTIONS ON RETURNING.

BY F. W.

I thought upon the happy days, the glorious days of youth,
When life was pure, and all things breathed of happiness and truth;
I thought upon those happy days, I thought of them and wept,
For thousand thoughts within me rose, which for long years had slept.

I thought of days when hope was bright, undarkened with a cloud,
And when a voice spoke in my soul, in language clear and loud,
Of deeds that I might henceforth do, a name on earth to gain,
And show to all my fellow men I had not lived in vain.

I thought of young companions, who like myself were free
To pass the present hours in merriment and glee;
And in the future revelled, as the scene whereon they could
Achieve some deed deserving the name of great and good.

I thought upon the maiden, to whom I paid my vows,
Beside the river's margin, beneath the elm tree boughs;
I thought on her and on those vows, they had been breathed in vain;
We parted shortly after—and never met again!

I thought upon those happy days, and what a contrast now,
When years have planted wrinkles and age upon my brow,
Those glorious dreams are vanished in realities away,
And nothing now is left me their value to repay!

Long years of weary wandering on land and sea I've passed,
And fain would taste the pleasures of home and peace at last;
But these seem to evade me, like water in the grasp;
I seize them but, alas! they leave me nothing in my clasp.

The dreams of hope I cherished no longer meet my view,
Nor can I, in returning, a youthful heart renew,
That looked with faith and confidence on all within its sphere
And never knew the demon powers of sorrow and of fear.

I think upon those happy days—those happy days gone by;
I think upon them with a deep, a fond heart-yearning sigh;
And fain would hope they once again might yet return to me,
And I again as happy and as hoping yet might be!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN;

Or the Perils of Peace.

BY HIS BROTHER, F.W.

I

Escaped from many a battle field,
From dangers both by land and sea,
Where fortune o'er him held her shield
And kept him from death's terrors free,
In Chilianwallah's fatal plains,
He fought amidst the fearful fight,
And heard th' expiring groans and pains
Of comrades dying in his sight.

II

At Ramnuggar and Goojerat,
The daring passage of Chenad,
He also fought—still Fortune sat
Above him—he her shield still had;

Through all these dangers safely passed,
He thought that when sweet peace again
Had brought him soldier's rest at last,
He would in safety now remain.

III

He left the ranks—to home returns:
He bade farewell to war's alarms;
His heart for peace and quiet yearns,
And urged him to lay down his arms.
In occupations free from danger,
In England once again he lived;
Nor dreamt that Fate had any stranger
Perils for life or limb contrived.

IV

But no! a harder lot was his,—
A marriage festival the scene;
A contrast strange indeed was this,
To one who had such dangers seen.
A cannon burst while he stood nigh,
His arm was shatter'd—then cut off;
Doomed thus was he for months to be
In sufferings deep, and trials rough.

V

He who had fought in battles many,
Where death was flying quick around,
Had ne'er met fate adverse in any,
Nor e'en received a single wound.
Was it not hard for him to be
The victim of a random shot?
A cripple, thus, we henceforth see,—
Hard—hard indeed—such earthly lot!

VI

Strange are the ways of Providence !
  It lifteth up and casteth down.
The hopes of mortals, in the sense
  They wish, success will seldom crown.
Then would we hope that he whose fate
  Has thus so strangely been arranged,
Will bear misfortune, though 'tis great,
  With faith in Providence unchanged !

MY HEART'S MADONNA.

BY G. W—R.

I loved her not as others love,
  Whose passion is an idle thing,
Which for a moment fills a breast,
  And wounds, and swiftly spreads its wing ;
But tenderly I wooed and won her—
For ah ! she was my heart's Madonna !

I loved her not as others love,
  She touched the only chord love knew ;
And pilgrim-like I knelt to her,
  And found my soul adoring too ;
My tale was love, and truth, and honour—
Its heroine—my heart's Madonna !

I loved her not as others love—
  But 'twas a joy too great to last ;
I scarcely knew she was of earth
  Until from earth her spirit pass'd.
Ah ! Death, too, loved !—he looked upon her—
And now I mourn my heart's Madonna !

SONNETS,

BY J. H.,

On a Nightingale once heard on the Banks of the Tees.

[This singular exception to a general rule—that the Nightingale is never heard North of the Ouse—occurred in the vicinity of this village about a century ago, and was commemorated at the time in a poem which has come down to us, and of which I once possessed a copy, but which, unfortunately, cannot now be found, though it ought rather perhaps to be accounted "the gain of a loss" in having given rise to the following elegant Sonnets from the pen of a gifted friend.]

I

Tradition tells—and an old bard the truth
Attests with pride in his remembered rhyme—
That Philomela "once upon a time"—
Perchance 'twas in our grandsire's joyous youth—
Was in our bonny Teesdale nightly heard;
What was it Northward brought so far the bird,
In that so highly favoured year of grace?
And wherefore never since in glorious Spring,
Hath wandering Nightingale been known to sing,
In that sweet, shady, still, sequestered place?
Say, was the songstress blown unwilling there;
Or in the aim to build, secure, a nest—
Lured by the influence of the genial air,
While feeling love's warm instinct in her breast?

II

Whate'er the cause, 'tis pleasant to recall
That once, O charming Tees, thy banks were
Made vocal by the thrilling rise and fall [thus
Of sounds nocturnal, never heard by us;
And fit it were that Poet's song should blend
With thine, melodious bird! in such a scene.
O! that such music to my gentle Friend
By such a minstrel once vouchsafed had been

How had her raptured ear drunk in the sound,
Her lively fancy fondly dwelt upon it,
Until the echo of the strain she'd bound
Within the magic measure of a Sonnet!
But where the Nightingale no more is heard
Eta, with sweeter song, now rivals the sweet bird.

III

A hundred years ago—so 'tis averred
By ancient people, and one Poet's song—
On Tees' fair banks a Nightingale was heard
Pouring her evening descant loud and long—
Did accident, or instinct strangely stirred
Make thee fly thus far North, South-loving bird,
And was thy feathered love-mate with thee there?
And was, for once, that favoured grove possest
Of Nature's sweetest minstrel, and the nest
Of that more vent'rous Philomelan pair?
If so—Oh! would that one of the same race
Would visit Hurworth! and in that sweet place
Once more with song nocturnal strike and please
The grateful dwellers on the Banks of Tees.

THE VALLEY OF THE TEES.

BY J. C., JUN.

Delightful Vale! my childhood's sweetest scene!
I loved to linger in thy flowery fields,
When Nature clad in fairest robes of green,
Her fruitful stores in rich abundance yields.

Through tangled dell, o'er wooded height and grove,
'Neath where, O Tees, thy crystal waters flow,
How did I love, in boyhood's days to rove,
When pure delights within the bosom glow!

Thou modest church! within whose sacred walls
Each Sabbath morn the sons of toil repair
As each low chime the wandering mind recalls
From worldly thoughts to fix itself on prayer.

And thou, fair tree! beneath whose leafy shade,
When Summer's scorching beams at noontide glow,
I've idly sat—or boyish antics played
Where clustering filberts on the branches grow.

Farewell, ye fields! each much lov'd spot adieu,
Though other scenes must now my mind engage,
Imagination still will turn to you,
Till blooming manhood ripens into age.

TO MY NATIVE RIVER.

BY THE SAME.

I wander on thy flowery banks, sweet Tees! at eventide,
And gaze upon the landscape fair that smiles on either side;
The setting sun in mellow rays his golden radiance throws
Upon the calm and crystal stream that gently past me flows.
Alone the murmuring waters break the silence reigning round,
And on the balmy Summer air there floats no other sound.
Memory recalls the happy hours when first in childhood's bloom
I sported on those grassy banks, beside my village home;
Or stretch'd beneath the leafy shade of some tall spreading tree,
I've listened to the gushing stream, or to the humming bee;
Till, lulled by the monotony, sleep o'er my eyes would steal,
And pleasant dreams flit through my mind—how happy did I feel!
But yet those joys will ne'er return, those careless youthful days,

The sweetest moments of the life that nothing can erase
From off the tablets of the heart—so deeply printed there,
To soothe us when o'erwhelm'd with grief, or when opprest by care.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

On leaving his Country.

BY THE SAME.

How proudly glides our gallant ship o'er ocean's glassy breast,
As slowly sinks the orb of day with glory in the West;
Yon roseate clouds the rippling waves with golden radiance dye,
And calmly 'mong our snowy sails soft evening zephyrs sigh;
We turn one last long ardent gaze on our dear native land,
Our noble vessel bears us on, toward India's arid strand.

Adieu! adieu! my Fatherland—my dear, my cherished home,
I go for long, long years upon a foreign strand to roam;
I go to fight my country's cause—perhaps to fight and die,
Far from my own lov'd island home, beneath another sky.
Once more, adieu! for through the gloom no longer I behold
The tall white cliffs on England's coast—the cliffs and headland bold.
Wild storms may rise upon the deep, and angry waves o'erwhelm
Our stalwart bark a floating wreck—bereft of mast and helm;
Or should I gain far India's shore with safety o'er the wave,
I there may find, midst thundering war, a soldier's honoured grave,
But should I die on battle field, or 'neath wild ocean's foam,
My latest thoughts shall be upon my distant English home!

THE MARBLE TABLET.

Lines suggested by reading the Inscription on a Tablet in Hurworth Church, to the Memory of the foregoing—a Young Officer.

BY F. W.

Into the village church I pass'd,
With reverence and with awe,
A solemn cloud my thoughts o'ercast—
A Tablet there I saw.

'Twas that of one who bore a name,
An honoured name to me;
Cut off in pride of life and fame,
Unwarn'd by Death's decree.

I knew him when he was a boy,
The gay spring time of life;
Ere yet to him the cup of joy
Had tainted been by strife;
In all things frank and free, true hearted,
And worthy of his name,
He left his home, and hence departed,
To seek a soldier's fame.

In pestilential climes he lived,
Where death flies quick abroad,
Where few lived long, and have survived
To tread their native sod.
Escaped from danger and disease,
He hailed his native land;
And little thought, beyond all these,
Death lurked so near at hand.

Not in the battle field fell he,
As brave men wish to die;
Cheering his men to victory,
With life's departing cry.
A death in glory thus arrayed
Had been his dearest doom;
Whilst honour's choicest flowers displayed
Their beauty o'er his tomb.

A random shot, by hands unknown,
Transpierced his heart—he fell!
With scarcely time to breathe a groan,
Or say the word "Farewell."

And thus his soul, without a sign
Of dissolution near,
Sped to its native source divine,
To its eternal sphere.

Then peace—young Soldier—to thy spirit!
Few nobler we can find;
Though few thy years, high was thy merit
In graces of the mind.
Respected, loved, almost revered,
By all ranks in thy Corps;
Thou hast left a name by deeds endeared
To all hearts evermore.

Well may surviving friends deplore
His early lot with grief;
That life which such high virtues bore
Should have a date so brief!
The comfort still remains to them
'Midst sorrow at his fate;
He left a name none can condemn,
But all might imitate.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY THE SAME.

"Gone! Gone! Fill up the blank!"—C. N.

Soldier rest!—Life's fitful fever
Now on earth for thee is o'er;
Its alarum guns shall never
Wake thee from thy slumbers more.

Young and brave, and highly cherished,
Noblest hopes for thee in view;
Hard, untimely to have perished,
Ere thou couldst these hopes prove true.

Yet, methinks, couldst thou have spoken
Wishes where thy grave should be,
Here should stand the last frail token,
For surviving friends to see.

Here, upon the banks of Tees,
Where the murmurs from its wave,
Softly sighing through the trees,
Form sweet dirges o'er thy grave.

Here, where thy first footsteps trod,
And thy early youth was pass'd;
Earth could give no sweeter sod
To receive thee at the last.

Here, with thy forefathers sleeping—
Old, high-honoured village name;
Thou art still a record keeping,
Adding lustre to their fame.

Solace dear to friends surviving,
When they yield to *their* last doom;
They who loved thee well whilst living,
Shall rest near thee in the tomb. F.W.

TO A YEW TREE ON THE BANKS OF THE TEES.

BY E. M.

"Woodman, Spare that Tree!"—POPULAR SONG.

Tree! thou art old as earthly ages count,
But young for one of thy undying race;
Not to a centr'y yet thy years amount,
And ten might pass, yet find thee in thy place.

But will they? Man will not, though time would spare,
He still anticipates the coming blow;
Yet would the fates accord a poet's prayer,
Times' tardy hand alone should lay thee low.

Still be thou sacred in the eyes of those
Who wander here when we are pass'd away;
Still may the murmuring tide that near thee flows
At distance due pursue its devious way.

Oft hath it threatened thee, oh Tree! ere now,
Oft hath it bathed thy roots with rapid swell;
Though thou dost wave unhurt, the dark green bough,
Its wintry murmurs seemed to sound thy knell.

Emblem of that still mightier tide, whose sway
Shall sweep thee—me—aye, even *it* away!

SONNET TO TASSO.

Composed under the before-named Yew Tree.

BY E. M.

Well wert thou named, oh mournful Poet!*—yew,
O'ershadows still the pathway of the bard;
The laurel is the destiny of few,
But the dark grave-tree Fate doth still award.

Oh tree of tombs! most meet art thou for me,
Whose hopes and joys lie withered with the dead;
My only garland hath been woven of thee,
Wave thy dark branches, then, above my head.

Wave them! and whisper, he who bore thy name
More deeply still thy mournful influence knew;
Too deeply paid the penalty of fame—
Which missing—I have missed its troubles too.
He gained—a dungeon! but am I then free?
Alas! all earth appeareth such to me!

* Tasso, the name of the Italian Poet, signifies the Yew Tree, in that language.

POWER OF MENTAL ASSOCIATION.

From a poetical Epistle to a Brother.

BY E. M.

How strange it seems to trace—to count, how vain,
The links that form Association's chain;
Let memory touch but one with careless skill,
Swift through the whole th' electric spark will thrill.
'Twas here I roved with Kate—with Charlotte here,
The dead—the absent—in far distant year;
Here bent with thee, above the flowing tide,
And marked how calm its moonlit waters glide.
Here, sisters who are heard on earth no more,
Joined their sweet warblings on the stream or shore;
Here, in the shadow of the Yew-tree bower,
Have books or friends beguiled the noontide hour;
Or in sweet wanderings have the days rolled by,
Till the bright star of eve illumed the sky.
And now, though lonely on those paths I wend,
Still on my steps departed steps attend;
'Tis not the bower, the river, or the tree,
I gaze indeed on:—no! 'tis *them* or *thee!*
It is that thus the image of our friends,
Where erst we saw them, with the scenery blends;
That linked by some inexplicable tie,
Those fill the mind when these possess the eye.
Thus in Old Greece, by each enchanted stream,
Of forms ethereal, gifted bards would dream;
They saw a Flora blush in every flower,
An Iris weep in each descending shower;
To leafy haunts their Fauns and Dryads gave—
Naiads to brooks, and Nereids to the wave;
They sought the *soul* of each Arcadian scene,
Egerian grotto, grove, or alley green;

To things inanimate gave second birth,
And peopled all the solitudes of Earth.
Our world is peopled too!—the forms we love,
These are the Nymphs and Fauns that haunt the grove.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SHRINE.

BY N. V.

I know a sweet romantic spot,
Where cares and sorrow are forgot;
"Where mazy walks and alleys green,
And groves of verdure deck the scene."
And river winding on its way,
And sparkling in the eye of day;
Or soft reflecting Cynthia's light
On many a mild autumnal night.
I know it—never from the heart,
Once viewed, will that sweet scene depart.
I know it, but it is not mine—
The Muses mark it for their shrine!
There is a custom which is found
In many a lordly city round,
To visitors of high renown
They give the "freedom" of their town;
But were it mine a boon to choose,
For higher meed I'd that refuse;
And wave the freedom thus conferred
For one that oft my wish hath stirred.
Such urban honours I resign,
Oh, make me "free" of that sweet shrine!

VILLAGE GRAVES.

(Suggested by some newly made ones.)

BY E. M.

Gathering round us, gathering round,
Fast they fill the hallowed ground;
Friends and strangers, young and old,
Here their silent meetings hold.

Some in anguish rent away,
Some that sunk in slow decay;
Some that as by lightning stroke
From their earthly bondage broke.

Some that calmly slept away,
To ope their eyes on brighter day;
Hear, O Lord! our humble prayers—
Let our parting be like theirs!

All have passed the ebon door
That opens on the shining shore;
Shining may it be to *them*—
Here, no startling crimes condemn.

May their human frailties be,
Gracious Lord! absolved by Thee;
May a family of love
Meet, as here, in bliss above!

When beside them we shall sleep,
May our rest be calm and deep.
That it may—oh! grant us grace
To run with zeal our heavenward race.

While we trust to Thee alone,
Let our faith by works be shown;
Sterner judgment *they* but win
Who make their faith a cloak for sin.

Let us not our own weak pow'r
Trust in dire temptation's hour ;
Let us cast on Thee our care—
Let our panoply be prayer !

Let us, armed and strengthened thus,
Prove the faith that dwells in us ;
Yea, as labourers for their pay,
" Work while it is called to-day."

Grant that when our work is o'er
We to heavenly rest may soar ;
When before Thee we appear,
" Well done, thou faithful servant," hear !

From the bosom of the earth
When we spring to second birth,
Grant that from this lowly sod
All that rise, may rise to God !

THE CHURCH ON THE BANK.

BY M. C.

Strangers have told me how they love to muse
Within thy soothing precincts, sacred pile ;
While the rapt soul each solemn thought pursues,
Lulled by the murmurs of the Tees the while.

Or when the Church's peal of Sabbath bells
Guided their footsteps to the house of prayer ;
As the soft echo, o'er the stream that swells,
Prepared the soul to bend in reverence there.

If such the feelings in the stranger's mind
Where no sad thoughts of severed ties intrude,
Deep, deep, I own, the secret charm I find ;
A chord is touched in sorrow's plaintive mood.
This village churchyard is my kindred's bed,
And all my thoughts are centered in the dead.

MY NATIVE SCENES.

*Addrest to a Poetical Friend**

"And I, too, am Arcadian!"

Banks of the Tees! ye are beautiful and green—
Flowers, the year round, on your sunny slopes are springing;
Though many a lovely spot in many a land I've seen,
To the fairest as the dearest, in thine my heart was clinging.

Far to the East, blue hills are brightly swelling—
Far to the West, other hills close the scene;
Oh! what a Paradise, meet for Poet's dwelling,
The soft vale thy banks along, stretching verdantly between!

Meet for Poet's haunts, tho' a Milton were the bard!
Meet for Poet's home, tho' the minstrel were a Scott.†
Though to a woman it was destiny's award
That *her* muse should inherit and consecrate the spot!

Scenes where that young Muse first started into life--
Scenes where life's meridian still found her straying,
With what greater charms could existence have been rife
Than to shed upon *your* charms an existence undecaying?

Though *no* eyes could gaze on you with the tenderness of hers,
Nor have seen in you the charm love sheds on the belov'd;
Real charms to impartial eyes still Nature here confers—
Through the prism of true poetry how glorious had they proved!

* Now, alas! no more. See her poem, page 6, and lines to her memory, p. 8.

† Alluding to Howitt's delightful book, "The Haunts and Homes of the Poets."

But though no mighty Minstrel amid them may have dwelt,
Yet not without a charm where a humbler Muse hath been ;
Not without a charm where feelings have been felt—
Where friends—and where a FRIEND—have hallowed all the scene.

How well they frame the picture, those high enclosing hills !
How fair is the picture, and worthy of the frame !
How lovely is the landscape, with its meadows, woods, and rills,
And thou, smiling river—always tranquil, never tame !

Tees—Father Tees ! on thy banks I sported first,
When life yet was new, and I fancied it was fair ;
There, poetic dreams by my lonely soul were nurst—
Glorious were the dreams that have perished in despair.

Yet better hopes were mine, and with less of earthly leaven ;
Better hopes were mine,—to a woman, what is fame ?
Humbler joys here below—higher destinies in heaven—
Ah ! could she but secure them, these should be her aim.

Nor hast thou been unsung, oh ! thou River of my Sires,*—
Old Barnard's stately tower, and Rokeby's fairy scene,
Where the Greta to sweet union with thy kindred stream aspires,
By the charming Border Minstrel immortalized have been.

Tees—Father Tees ! I have seen thy rocky source—
All thy wild meanderings I have tracked with delight ;
Till ships proudly rode on thy grandly widening course,
And Ocean received and absorbed thee from the sight.

* Who for nearly a century and a half have dwelt upon its banks.

And such is the progress of never-dying FAME!
From a hard stony source it first struggles into birth;
Till, the world scarcely knowing *whence* its glories came,
It flows forth a beauty and a blessing to the earth.

It flows forth rejoicing, on its green enamelled way;
Rich harvests crown its banks, which it mirrors as it strays;
Till it widens to renown—till nations homage pay—
And it flows to Earth's eternity—eternity of praise!

Banks of the Tees! on your borders is our tomb—
There hath my heart been wrung, many, many times.
Banks of the Tees! dispersing the sad gloom,
There too have pealed the merry marriage chimes.

There for generations, kneeling at the font,
Fathers brought their babes, in the church to be enrolled;
Ever, ye succeeding ones, may it be your wont,—
Staunch to that true Church, never, never quit the fold!

Born to no pomp or state—a simple rural life
Is the life I have led, peaceful River, on thy banks;
"Far from the madding crowd" and all its noisy strife,
In calm mediocrity—the happiest of ranks!

Yet though but a drone in the bee-hive of the world,
The Muse brought her honey-bag and laid it at my feet;
Rich was the store which her magic wand unfurl'd—
They who have tasted it, alone can tell how sweet.

I worshipped, but I wooed them not—they came to me the Nine;
I wrote but as they prompted—unstudied was the page,
They found me in life's dawn—may they follow its decline.
Ye who soothed me in my youth—forsake me not in age!

And thou in whom they seemed all embodied to my sight—
Their friend and *mine*—come *thou* along with *them!*
Since Nature takes from Friendship an aspect still more bright,
And brighter, for its sharing, blooms the blossom on the stem.

Come! for thy steps oft have wandered by the Tees—
The river of my youth was the river too of thine;
And o'er it as it swept, the wild Æolian breeze
Struck the chords of *thy* harp, and mingled them with mine!

But dark thoughts, in this world, with the brightest mingle still;
And dark thoughts are mingling, oh river, with thy wave.
Thou, a blessing unto many, to others hast brought ill;
To the old, broken hearts—to the young, an early grave. *

Peace to the past! since innocent art thou
Of the shadow, long departed, it was destiny's to cast;
A new race are sporting on thy grassy margin now,
As innocent as thou—as unconscious of the past.

I linger on thy banks, as I ever lingered, still!
My pen, like my steps, cannot tear itself away.
Each page of memory thou must ever fill,
Thine from the rising to the setting of my day!

Here my youth has been pass'd—may my age here decline!
And when cross'd is the dark tide of Nature's parting strife,
Scenes unfold that transcend e'en to *my* feelings thine.
And I quit thee, native river, for the blest stream of life.

Tees, Father Tees! though I bid thee now farewell,
To the ocean of eternity together we flow on;
Thou shalt survive me, but my name shall with thee dwell,
Link'd with thine, parent stream, I shall not *all* be gone!

* Alluding to the melancholy fate of a relative, the only son of the late Rector, who was unfortunately drowned in his native river.

THE RIVER'S FLOW.

BY W. T. K.

I.

Glides on like time—glides on like life—the River's ceaseless flow—
True emblem of the chance and change betiding things below.
A mine of wisdom in its stream bursts bright upon the souls
Of all who thoughtfully regard its current as it rolls.
These varying waves, now light, now dark, that meet one's gazing eye—
How rapidly they scud along, how fleetly from us fly!
These transient passing waters—to-day the beauteous Tees,
Are gone from us to-morrow—lost—lost in the mighty seas.

II.

Oh! are they friends—or sunny thoughts—or happy days or years?
Or are they enemies—or gloom—or partings wet with tears?
Oh! are they hopes which come and go, with each new phase of life?
Or wishes realized?—or hearts, crushed down by care and strife?
It little recks!—For, from our sight, yes! one by one they go,
Each after each, as day and night, swift as the river's flow;
We, too, are hasting on a stream, like that of beauteous Tees;
We, too, are passing through life's current on to undiscovered seas.

III.

Come let us, then, enjoy the voyage, as best indeed we may,
While looking to its certain end, being careful of to-day;

We all can, in our several spheres, do something for our race,
That when we from the stream are gone, and fill no more
our place,
Our deeds on earth may yet survive, and we may on the sands
Of time, by acts of mercy, leave the impress of our hands.
So shall we glide a-down the banks as doth the beauteous
Tees;
But ours shall be a calmer rest than in the restless seas.

WHAT I'VE SEEN.

BY E.M.

[The natural phenomena here recorded having all been witnessed on the banks of the Tees, it seemed not irrelevant to give them a place among the poems devoted to the celebration of that river.

I.

Listen, ye who 've travellers been—
Listen to a tale of truth;
All the wonders I have seen,
Since the days of early youth.
Ye who've wandered far and wide—
Who all scenes and climes have tried—
Whatsoe'er their marvels be,
For a moment list to me!

II.

I have seen a mighty Arch,*
Joining heaven to wondering earth.
Sun or moon, in circling march,
Never gave that bow to birth!
E'en as in the Hebrew's dream,
Heavenly ladder it might seem;
Angels, there, might take their stand
To scatter blessings o'er the land!

* The great "Auroral Arch" seen in England, Ireland, &c., on the 13th of March, 1858—and with peculiar splendour and distinctness *here*.

III.

I have seen the Boreal light
  Hues of rosy tint assume ;
Then—a pale world to affright—
  To a blood-red splendour bloom.
And the towns appeared to blaze,
As they sparkled in its rays ;
And the people, all appalled,
On the hastening fire-men called.*

IV.

I have seen those lights on high
  In their golden glories meet ;
And, descending from the sky,
  Play, innocuous, round my feet!
Play innocuous—cold and bright—
Marvels of electric light! †
Pleased, at once, and awed, I stood—
Bathing in the glittering flood.

V.

I've gone forth in lunar light—
  Paced a garden's terraced ground ;
On a soft September night—
  Harvest moonbeams brightening round ;
Till a light like that of day
Stole in dim eclipse away ;
And by lamp our steps we trace,
Till again she showed her face.

VI.

Times I number more than one
  When she hid the sun from sight ;
Save that round her still he shone,
  In a circling ring of light.

* Fact, in several places, where it was taken for a great conflagration

† I am sorry that I cannot now assign the precise date of this remarkable phenomenon, which was in rather advanced Autumn, several years ago.

Once a slender crescent too
In his beams 'twas mine to view;
Venus—like a tiny moon—
Basking in the blaze of noon.

VII.

Lunar rainbow I have seen—
Comets too with shining train;
Waterspouts that burst between
Thunder-peals that shook the plain.*
Meteor too and falling star,
Darting downward from afar;
And a hurricane have known,
Worthy of the tropic zone.

VIII.

I've a glittering mirage seen
Lift a city to the sky;
Where it seemed, in dazzling sheen,
With a heavenly scene to vie;
Fading then, like fairy spell,
From those lofty heights it fell;
As the dreams of early youth
Vanish at the touch of truth!

IX.

I've seen a huge revolving globe,
With a vast cometic train,
Wrapped around in fiery robe,
Rushing through th' ethereal plain; †

* These water-spouts, of which there were three on the same day, and at the same time (the only ones I have ever witnessed) did not burst here, but appeared at a distance to the east, like great jelly-bags, or inverted pyramids, descending from the clouds, and seemed to burst over the Cleveland hills.

† This extraordinary fiery Meteor, which greatly exceeded in magnitude and differed in movement from those commonly observed, and pursued an onward course without appearing to have fallen or exploded in the usual manner, has since, by the kindness of Sir John Herschel, to whom an account of it was communicated by the writer, been enrolled on the records of Science, in this and other countries.

Whither, wondrous stranger, say,
Didst thou speed thy rapid way?
Art thou rolling—blazing—still?
Didst thou augur good or ill?

x.

Did that vast stupendous ball
  Onward—ever onward—fare?
Or from heights empyreal fall,
  Melting into empty air?
Organized for journey long,
Such thought, methinks, would do thee wrong;
When does Nature work in vain,
Or to no *end* vast *means* ordain?

xi.

Never nearer, globe of fire
  Came, methinks, unconscious Earth;
In such blaze will she expire,
  And renew her phœnix birth?
Wilt thou hitherward return,
Still to blaze, and still to burn?
Rush across our rolling orb,
And obliterate, or absorb?

xii.

Deep in Earth's own centre lurk
  Flames, volcanoes oft reveal:
Shall external agents work,
  When time's final notes shall peal?
Or alone by inward fire
Is she destined to expire?
Shall that fierce internal flame,
Bursting forth, consume her frame?

XIII.

Who can tell the births of time?
Angels cannot fix the day; *
But from prophecy sublime,
All, we learn, shall pass away.
No more we know;—enough for me
All these wondrous sights to see;
Listen, listen, ye who roam,—
All these sights I've seen AT HOME.

THE COMPILER'S ADIEU.

BY E. M.

My native scenes—*our* native scenes—farewell!
Fondly I weave the dew-bright wreath for you!
They who, like me, are privileged to dwell
Still in their birth-place—they who bid adieu,
By fate's decree, to all they loved so well,
To all of happiness they ever knew;
But in their mind's eye still for ever view
The calm sweet scenes that wove so strong a spell
As neither time nor distance can subdue,—
These grateful lay their incense on your shrine,
These join their distant hands the wreath to twine.
A fadeless wreath!—dewed once with many a tear—
Brightened with many a smile—as joy or woe,
Presence or absence of those scenes so dear,
Prompted the votive line—bade heartfelt TRIBUTES flow.

* Mark XIII, 32.

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